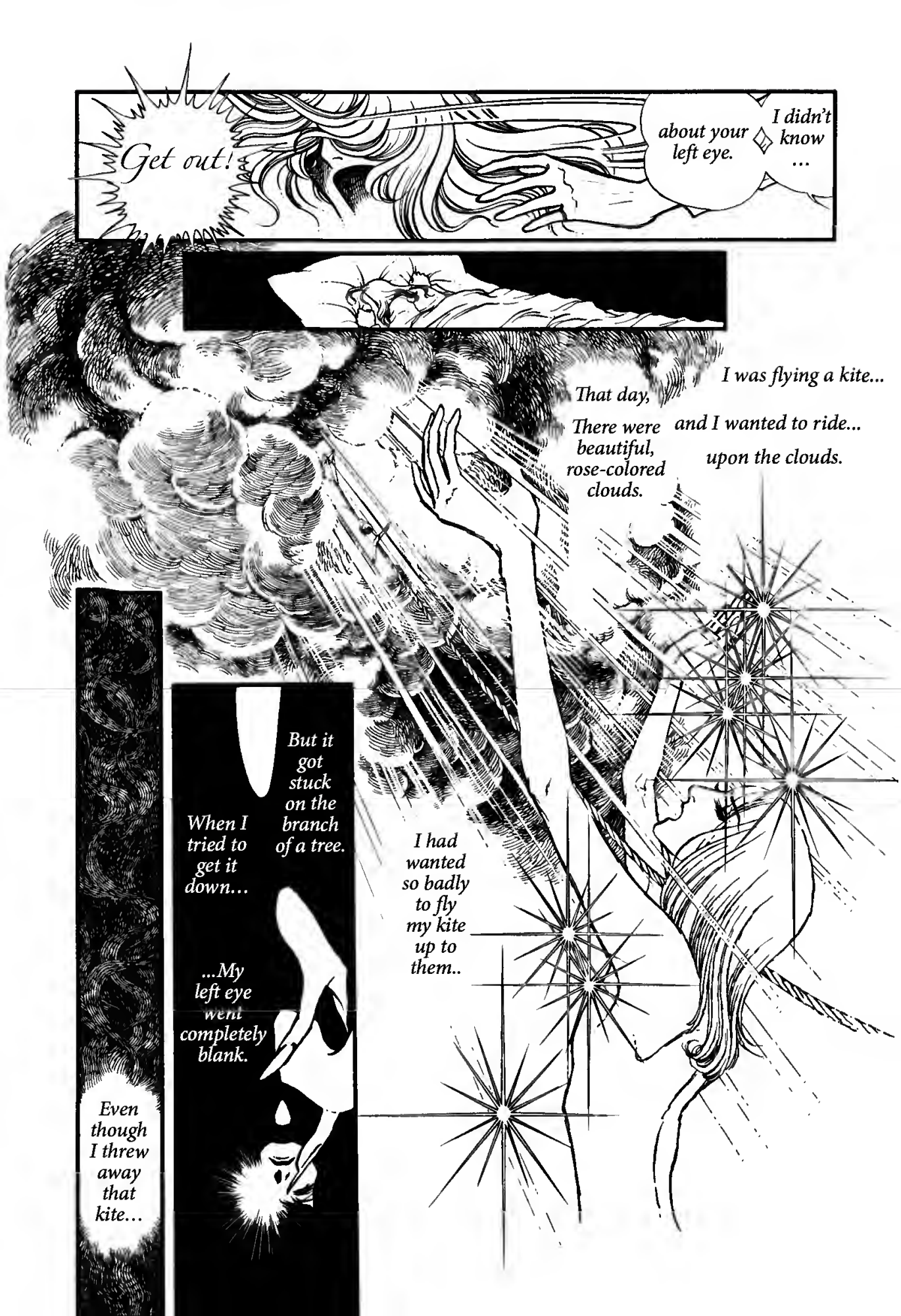
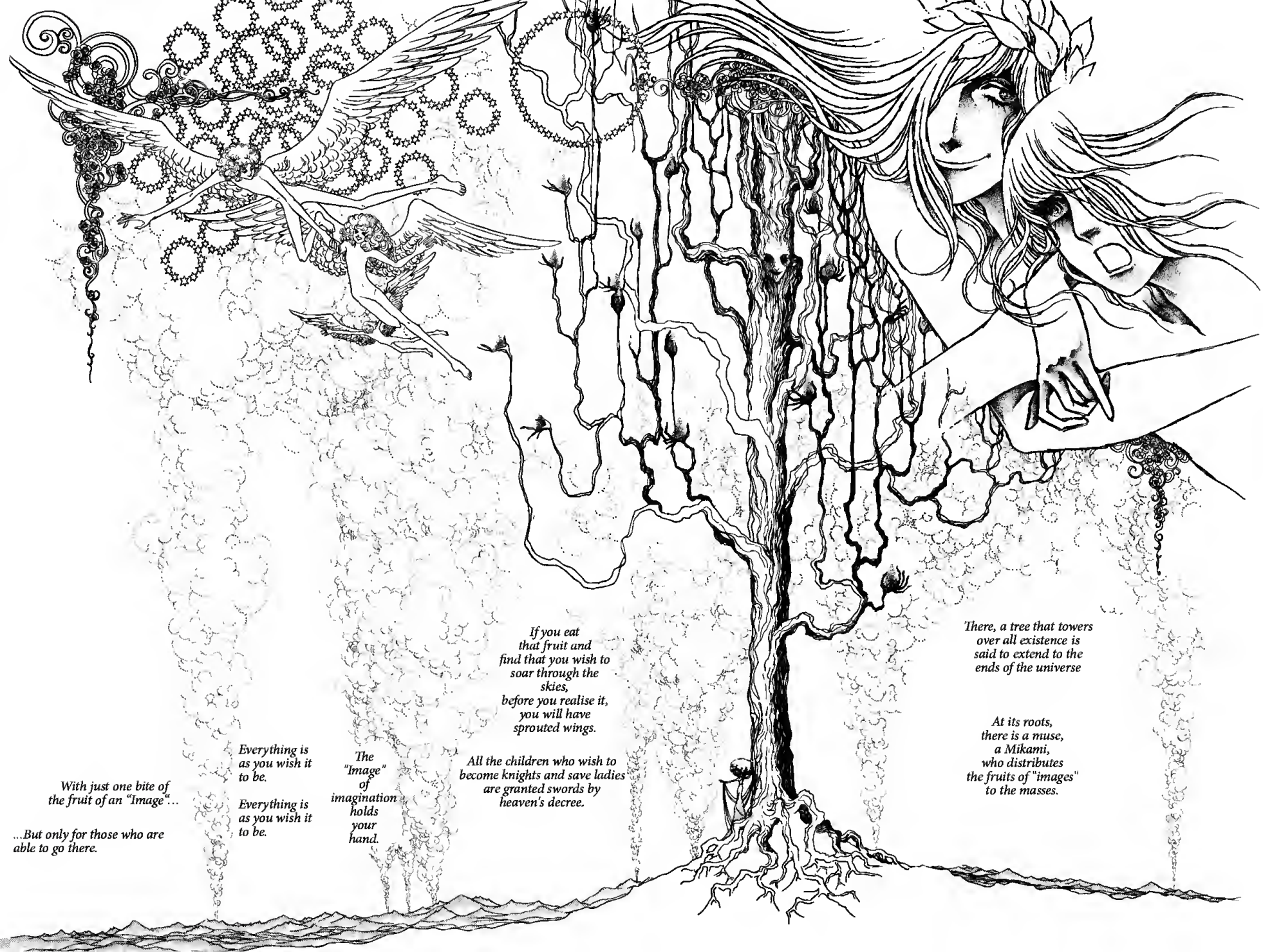
The attic where I used to watch the stars has long turned to rubble.
Mom and Dad are buried under ground.
All the things that soothed me as though they were rocking me in my cradle...
...Have long ago frozen solid.
Even now, I feel like I'm just reading a book,
and wonder why I have completely frozen over.
Hey, you,
You were so cold you looked like you were gonna freeze to death.
Did you black out, frozen in the snow or something?
...
Well?
You were so cold... I thought you were gonna...
...freeze to death.
My...

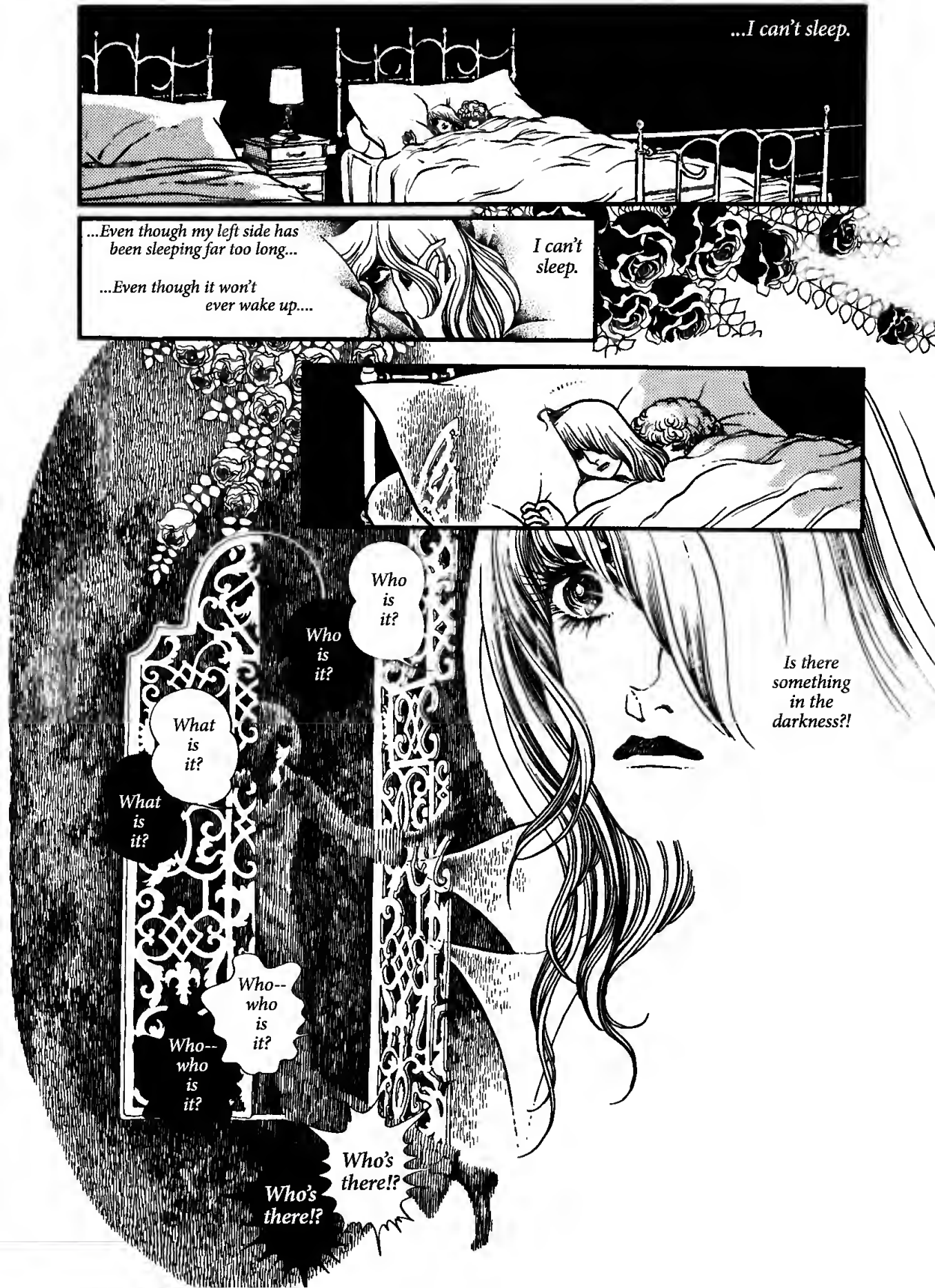
Kyaaaa!
...About something from my childhood I had wanted to forget.
I was dreaming ...
You're covered in sweat, and even better, you've screamed wonderfully for me.

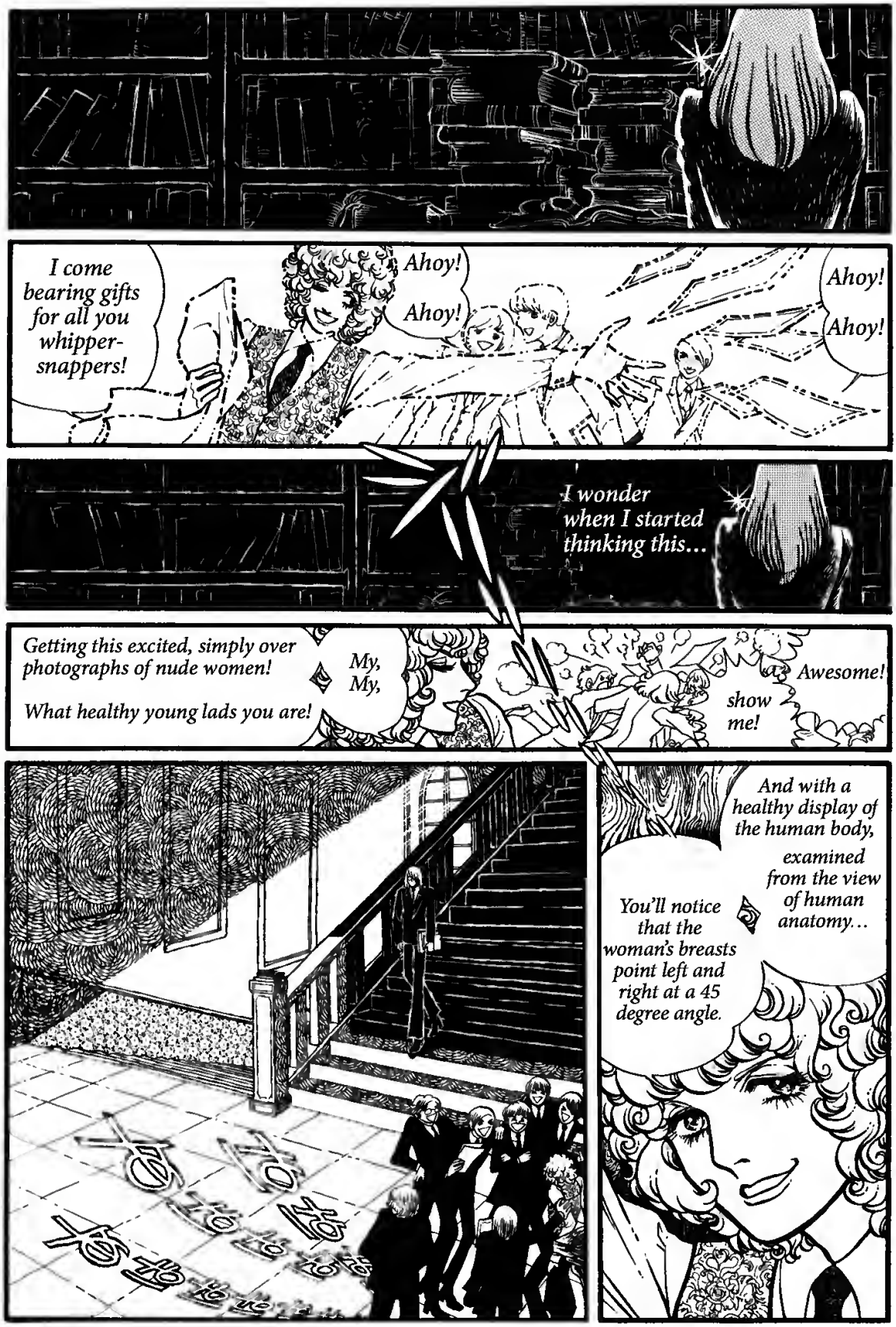
Oh!
My Kite
My Winnie the Pooh
My...


Get out!
I didn't know ...
about your left eye.
I was flying a kite...
That day,
and I wanted to ride...
There were beautiful, rose-colored clouds.
upon the clouds.
I had wanted so badly to fly my kite up to them..
But it got stuck on the branch of a tree.
When I tried to get it down...
...My left eye went completely blank.
Even though I threw away that kite...

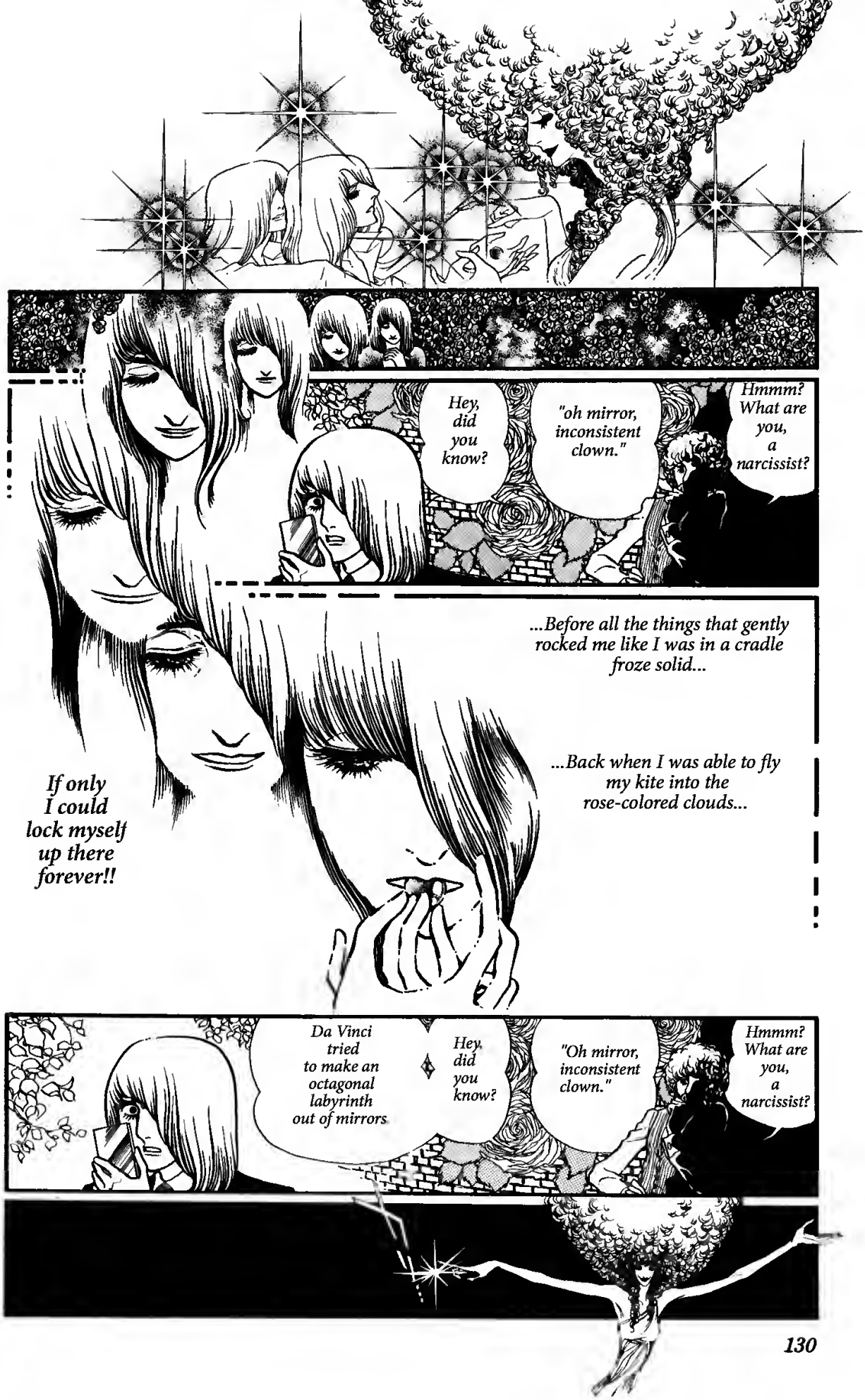
Huh ...
I've become a mirror in a mirror-orb,
...wandering through a frozen space.
Dale ...
Dale, where are you?
The person I was while I was slept sparkles like a kaleidoscope.
DALE!
ha..h
When I turned around, I realised that I could not become Orpheus!!

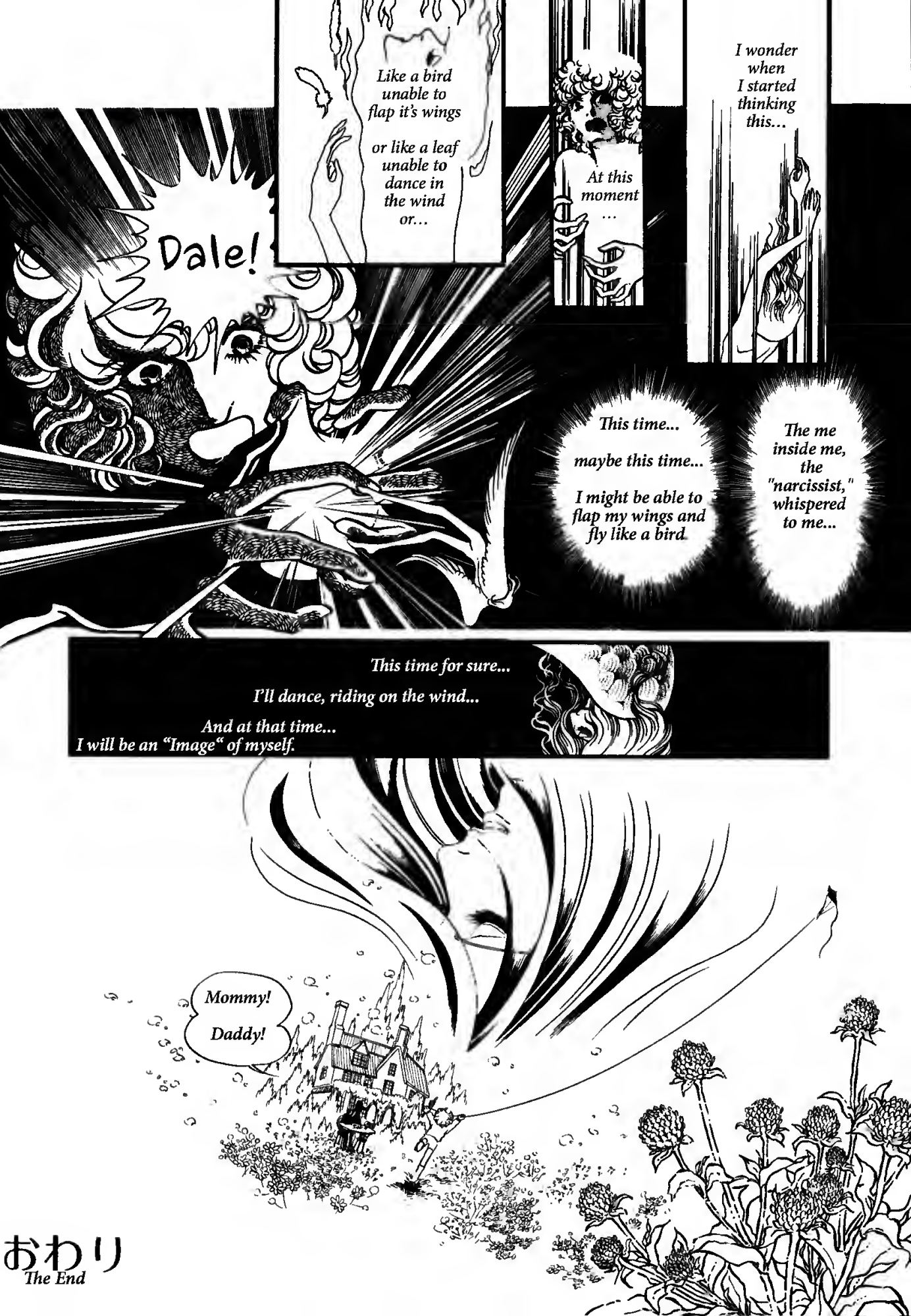

There, a tree that towers over all existence is said to extend to the ends of the universe
At its roots, there is a muse, a Mikami, who distributes the fruits of "images" to the masses.
If you eat that fruit and find that you wish to soar through the skies, before you realise it, you will have sprouted wings.
All the children who wish to become knights and save ladies are granted swords by heaven's decree.
The "Image" of imagination holds your hand.
Everything is as you wish it to be.
Everything is as you wish it to be.
With just one bite of the fruit of an "Image"...
...But only for those who are able to go there.


...I can't sleep.
...Even though my left side has been sleeping far too long...
...Even though it won't ever wake up....
I can't sleep.
Who is it?
Who is it?
What is it?
What is it?
Who-- who is it?
Who-- who is it?
Who's there!?
Who's there!?
Is there something in the darkness?!


I come bearing gifts for all you whipper-snappers!
Ahoy!
Ahoy!
Ahoy!
Ahoy!
I wonder when I started thinking this...
Getting this excited, simply over photographs of nude women!
What healthy young lads you are!
My, My,
Awesome!
show me!
And with a healthy display of the human body,
examined from the view of human anatomy...
You'll notice that the woman's breasts point left and right at a 45 degree angle.

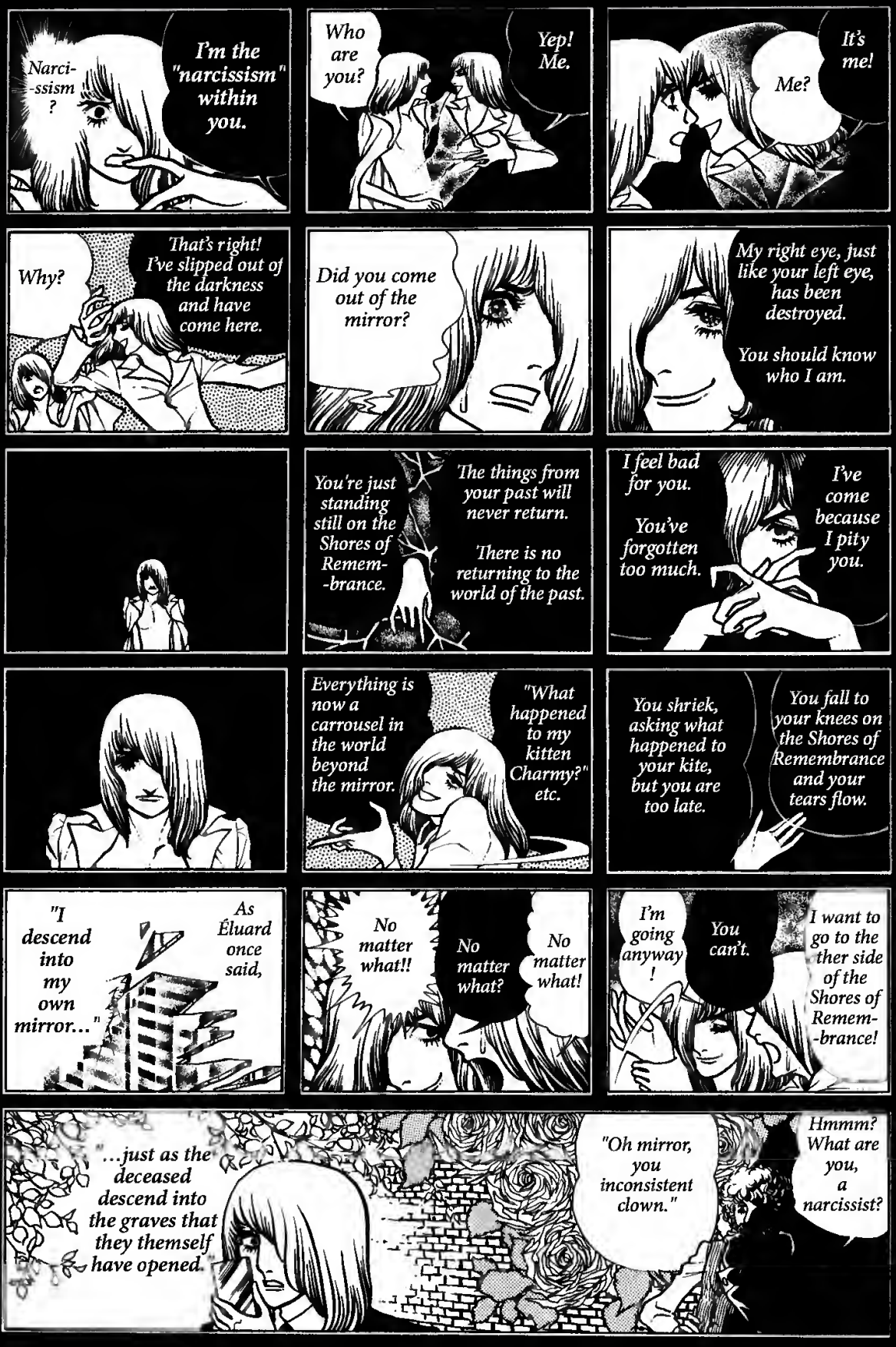
The kite from that day, which I had tried to fly up to the rose-colored clouds,
The kite from that day, which had a green witch painted on it,
I wonder what happened to it...?
What has become of everything now...?
The sun that gently tickled my chin with its warm soft hands...
The spring breeze that blew through my silky hair as if it were gently combing it..
Where did it go?
The things that I had cherished just as much as my kite,
My yellow Winnie the Pooh, and my toy train that blew purple smoke, and my kitten, Charmie, who was always crying for milk..
Where are they all now?


Hey, did you know?
"oh mirror, inconsistent clown."
Hmmm? What are you, a narcissist?
...Before all the things that gently rocked me like I was in a cradle froze solid...
...Back when I was able to fly my kite into the rose-colored clouds...
If only I could lock myself up there forever!!
Da Vinci tried to make an octagonal labyrinth out of mirrors
Hey, did you know?
"Oh mirror, inconsistent clown."
Hmmm? What are you, a narcissist?


Like a bird unable to flap it's wings
or like a leaf unable to dance in the wind or...
At this moment ...
I wonder when I started thinking this...
Dale!
This time...
maybe this time...
I might be able to flap my wings and fly like a bird
The me inside me, the "narcissist," whispered to me...
This time for sure...
I'll dance, riding on the wind...
And at that time...
I will be an "Image" of myself.
Mommy!
Daddy!

おわり
The End

The class bell has rung.
Ugh!
Why won't you be honest like the rest of us?!
Our dear class representative, so diligent and pure, even you must be interested in this.
Heh.
How stuck up!
Let go of me!
Whoa!
Picking a fight, Mr. Class Rep?
I...


Narci-
-ssism
?
I'm the "narcissism" within you.
Who are you?
Yep! Me.
Me?
It's me!
Why?
That's right! I've slipped out of the darkness and have come here.
Did you come out of the mirror?
My right eye, just like your left eye, has been destroyed.
You should know who I am.
You're just standing still on the Shores of Remem-
-brance.
The things from your past will never return.
There is no returning to the world of the past.
I feel bad for you.
You've forgotten too much.
I've come because I pity you.
Everything is now a carrousel in the world beyond the mirror.
"What happened to my kitten Charmy?" etc.
You shriek, asking what happened to your kite, but you are too late.
You fall to your knees on the Shores of Remembrance and your tears flow.
"I descend into my own mirror..."
As Éluard once said,
No matter what!!
No matter what?
No matter what!
I'm going anyway!
You can't.
I want to go to the ther side of the Shores of Remem-
-brance!
"...just as the deceased descend into the graves that they themself have opened."
"Oh mirror, you inconsistent clown."
Hmmm? What are you, a narcissist?

Hey,
You have a concussion, you know.
How does that feel?
Whaddya say, Mr. diligent class rep?
I wonder when I started thinking this...
At this moment...
I am like a bird unable to flap its wings, or like a leaf unable to dance in the wind or...

Images
by Ooya Chiki